

FIANCEE ACCUSES MURDER SUSPECT

Francesco Peffo Will Be Held for the Killing of New Rochelle Policeman as a Result of Her Testimony.

HE IS RAPIDLY WEAKENING.

Confession Expected from Prisoner, Who Is Pacing Cell Like a Caged Beast—His Brother Arrested in Effort to Trace Peffo's Bloody Coat

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., June 25.—While the Pinkerton detectives and the New Rochelle police are forging a chain of circumstantial evidence that they believe will convict Francesco Peffo of the murder of Policeman Maurice Ahern in Rochelle Park on Saturday morning last, the prisoner, who is locked up in a cell at Police Headquarters, is on the verge of collapsing, and it is believed he will confess when Coroner Wiesendanger concludes his inquest tonight.

Joseph Peffo, an Italian laborer, of No. 65 Union street, Brooklyn, was arrested this afternoon, on a warrant issued by Coroner Ulrich Wiesendanger, of New Rochelle, charging him with being an accessory to the murder of Policeman Ahern.

Peffo is a brother of the Italian now in jail who is suspected of having committed the murder.

The interception by the New Rochelle police of letters sent by his prisoner to the brother in Brooklyn led to today's arrest.

Peffo was taken to New Rochelle this afternoon.

It was 1 o'clock this morning when the Coroner finished part of his inquiry, and then he said: "There is no doubt that Peffo killed Policeman Ahern. Everything points to him, including the testimony of his sweetheart, who swore she washed the bloody coat. It is one of the most remarkable cases I have ever heard of. It is a case of 'murder will out.' We have forged a complete chain, and everything points to Peffo as the murderer. I shall surely hold him to-night to await the action of the Westchester County Grand Jury on the charge of murder."

Peffo paces his cell like a caged beast, and there is a wild look in his eyes as he watches every one that looks at him.

Sweetheart His Accuser.

He does not know that Bernardina Serapho, the pretty Italian maiden who had promised to marry him, has confessed that he brought a bloody coat to her Italian boarding-house where she worked, or that she told Coroner Wiesendanger that she believes he killed Ahern, and that she had suspected him of the crime immediately after she saw his coat. Bernardina is a pretty, twenty-five-year-old girl, with black hair and eyes and red cheeks.

Detective Petrosino, of McCluskey's staff, who examined her for the Coroner, says he believes her testimony will go a long way toward convicting her sweetheart.

"How long have you known Peffo?" the Coroner asked.

"Two months."

"Were you going to marry him?"

"Yes; he notified me that I would have to be his wife; and we were to have been married last Saturday night."

"Did he hire rooms to live in when you got married?"

"Yes, at No. 39 Oak street, where I was working for Mrs. Peffo."

"Did you go in his rooms on Saturday?"

"Yes."

"What did you find?"

"I found Francesco's coat in a pail, and Mrs. Peffo told me to wash it. When I squeezed the sleeves blood flowed out. I said: 'Oh my God! What's this?' The girl said she also saw a hat and a revolver in the room and four bloody handkerchiefs in a sink. The girl, who was detained as a witness, has been released by the police."

Taken to Brooklyn.

Bernardina said that a stolen coat which Francesco had worn was brought back by his brother Raphael, and that he took the revolver and Francesco's hat away with him to Brooklyn.

"On the morning of the murder I suspected Francesco had done something wrong," said the girl; "and when I saw the bloody coat I told Mrs. Peffo that I did not want him for a husband, and didn't intend to marry him."

The evidence developed shows these facts: That carnations were stolen from Henry Siebrecht's conservatories on the night Ahern was shot, and that Peffo knew where they were kept, as he had worked there; that Ahern had quarrelled with an Italian believed to have been Peffo, two weeks before the murder; that Peffo left a bloody coat in Peffo's boarding-house, where his sweetheart worked; that his intended bride said that he had a leucous face, and that he tried to hide his scratches, which had evidently been made by the murdered policeman's club, by pulling his hair down over his eyes on the day the murdered man was found; that he has told lies about his whereabouts, and is about to break down; that Mr. and Mrs. John Peffo and their daughter, Marie, say he brought a bloody coat and hat and revolver to their boarding-house, and that they were found in his room.

Statement of Sweetheart's Brother.

Alphonzo Scarroffo, brother of the prisoner's sweetheart, has made a statement to Coroner Wiesendanger that the prisoner told him he killed the policeman.

This completes the chain of circumstantial evidence which the Coroner says will send Peffo to the electric chair.

The witness said:

"Francesco Peffo told me first that he had been in a fight. Then when I questioned him further he said he had been held up in Rochelle Park by a policeman. They had a fight, and Francesco told me after he had been clubbed by Ahern he put five bullets in the policeman's body and then ran away. He said he wanted to get even with the policeman for holding him up and clubbing him."

SWEETHEART OF NEW ROCHELLE MURDER SUSPECT AND HER FRIEND, WHO ACCUSE HIM OF THE CRIME



BERNARDINA SERAPHO, PEFFO'S SWEETHEART.

IT'S MY "ANDY" SHE SAYS OF DEAD COOK

"I Believe It as I'm Sphakin' to You," Adds Mrs. Mary Nevins, "Though They Say I'm Afther Inshoorance Money."

As she straightened up a feline a ship of a

cooler as liver came out of Kilkenny

was the same Mary Murphy who she

took Andy Nevins' liver year 'go," say

the acquaintances of Mrs. Mary Nevins,

of No. 385 Greenwich street, who for a

week past has been identifying the body

of John Ferguson, a cook, of No. 210

Eighty avenue, as that of her husband.

And then the commentators on Mary

add, with hands in the air and much

stalking of heads: "To think that the

woman could come to this pass!

Worra, worra!" "The too had, too bad!"

"There is more than one who speaks

after that fashion that lose sight of

the motive for Mrs. Nevins' action and

lament to think that she could claim a

cook for a husband in the place of a

longshoreman; 'an' as foine a Silko

man at that as iver handled a hook,

albeit that there are as many good

cooks as there are longshoremen.

Nevins Really Alive.

But "Andy" Nevins is not dead; he's

"shenanagoin'" along the North River

front, and a reporter of The Evening

World will come hereafter. Notwith-

standing proof-indubitable proof of her

stealing lord's existence—the wife refuses to

believe that the body in the morgue at

Bellevue is other than her husband's.

The reporter went to Mrs. Nevins

filled with sympathy and ready to meet

the cry of a warm Irish heart in dis-

tress. He was willing to believe that

that Mrs. Nevins could not make such a

blunder as to take the body of a man,

who was fifty-two for that of one of

thirty-five; to go so far as to make

affidavits that it was "Andy" Nevins' dead

face had been seen in the cabinet

at the foot of East Twenty-sixth street.

"This kind yes," said Mrs. Nevins,

"to come to a poor widow that's sore

beset wid thim all around that do be

savin' that Andy is not a corpse."

Mrs. Nevins was led on to tell her

story:

"'Tis a Monday two weeks ago since

Andy Nevins wint out of that dure there,

an' I saw a hair did I see of him since

till I saw his dead face in the mor-gue."

No Cook, but "Andy."

"'Tis him an' 'tis no cook. I'll take

me oath before God the milt that the

same was Andy Nevins. As I was sayin',

'tis a Monday two weeks since Andy left

he sez to me, sez he, 'Mary, I took the

pluray an' I'll get me off to Bellevue this

day.' Sez I, 'All right, Andy, an' God

knows I'll be waitin' for him to come

back.' 'An' I sez to him, 'I saw two

men, strangers, take him by the arms

an' they sez to him, 'You're goin' to

be sure that he do be havin' frinds who

would see him safe to the hospital an'

I leave to you to think."

"Now, not a word came back of Andy

an' I sez to myself, 'Mrs. Nevins, worra,

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ming of shutters. One remained open a trifle, and out from behind it came a beckoning hand. Its owner turned out to be Mrs. Healy, housekeeper of the premises.

"What do those Murphys be tellin' you?" asked Mrs. Healy.

"You mean the Nevinses?"

"Murphy's the name they gave me when they came six months ago. I have heard their name was Nevins."

"Well, Murphy or Nevins, the husband is supposed to be dead."

"Dead?" "Is untiroo. I saw him only yesterday comin' from that house."

"Much more was learned about the Nevinses or the Murphys than the 'wid-y' had told, and it was all carried back across the courtyard."

"'Tis throo I gave the name of Murphy," said Mrs. Nevins. "'Tis me christen name, an' there was good reason for me givin' it. But 'tis no matter what. The man in the mor-gue is, God bless him, 'Andy' Nevins."

The Hunt for "Andy."

"Do I know Andy Nevins?" asked Foreman Clucketer, head of the stevedores on the Norwich and Stonington pier, in the beginning of the search for the bulkhead yesterday afternoon. Go along down the front and you'll find him. His brother, 'Bully' works down on the Albany pier."

"But isn't 'Andy' dead?"

"And when did he die?" snapped Clucketer.

"Two weeks ago."

"'Tis many the pint that he's had since then. Dead? He, ha, ha!"

"There was many a trace of Andy's trail, but not a sight of him to be had between Clucketer's wharf and the Albany dock. His brother was found at the latter place. James is his name, and he's been the best stevedore for the Albany pier for years. He's a straight, sober kind of a man, and when Andy's name was mentioned his face grew hard."

"'Tis so," said he. "Dead! No such good luck. He was seen on the front yesterday. 'Tis only another trick of the devil and his wife. They'd be afther havin' me bury him by the mor-gue for him an' takin' the insurance. Didn't they catch me a year ago wid that trick an' I buried man of their babies for thim."

Says He'll Be Sure Next Time.

"Go to Egan & Leake, the undertakers at Spring and Clark streets, an' they'll tell you. That's an arrangement wid them now to bury the man when he dies, but I'll be sure that it's him before he goes into the ground."

"Then 'Jim' Nevins called to a younger man, who was firing about the Dean Richmond."

"When did you see Andrew?" he asked him.

"Friday last."

"That's his own brother—Andrew Nevins's brother—the same as I am. If you are anxious to see the other one, go along the wharves. He's 'shenanagoin'—doing odd jobs along the front—along the wharves. Every one knows him. You'll find him."

And Andy Nevins was found not far up the river front, sleeping peacefully under the lee of a lumber pile and with his mouth open so wide that it looked as though the top of his head was falling off.

There was a man with a gaunt, ruddy countenance dozing beside him. He was asked if his companion was "Andy."

"Aye, that's 'im," came the answer in the richest kind of a Cockney twang.

"They said he was dead."

"'Im dead? Handy 'ere's a toff wit says you is best. He's 'shenanagoin'—kicked the sole of one of Andy's boots."

"Gwan," said Andy, "or I'll knock yer head off."

And so he was left.

TENEMENT SCARE OVER LITTLE FIRE

Small Blaze on the First Floor, with Plenty of Smoke, Clears Out Ten Families in Something Like Record Time.

The ten families occupying the tenement-house at No. 525 East Eleventh street were roused from their sleep early to-day by a fire that started on the first floor, occupied by Wendell Dullinger, his wife and four children.

Dullinger awoke and found his bedroom filled with smoke. He soon discovered that it was coming from a fire in the kitchen. He got his family safely into the street and then called the other tenants.

He then ran to the quarters of Engine Company No. 28, which is near the house, and gave the alarm. In about twenty minutes the firemen had extinguished the flames.

The damage is estimated at \$500. The cause of the fire is unknown, but it was thought by the firemen that it started by a curtain in the kitchen being blown against a lighted gas jet.

PRANK RESULTS IN HOMICIDE ARREST.

Murphy, Accused of Causing Death by Lowering Electric Street Lights, Taken to Staten Island.

Policeman Trochren, of District-Attorney Rawson's staff, of Philadelphia, arrived in Stapleton to-day with James Murphy, a fugitive from justice, who was arrested in Philadelphia. He is wanted by the Staten Island authorities on a charge of homicide. Murphy was committed to the county jail at Richmond to await the September term of the County Court.

Murphy was indicted by the Richmond County Grand Jury some time ago on an accusation of having caused the death of August Klein in November last. According to the testimony taken at the Coroner's inquest, Murphy, who is twenty-two years old, and several companions lowered some electric lights on the Lincolnville road Thanksgiving Eve, and Klein and his two sisters while walking along the road came in contact with the live electric wires. Klein was killed instantly, while his sisters escaped with severe burns. Murphy was subpoenaed to appear at the Coroner's inquest, but he failed to do so and left Staten Island.

SUES A LANDLORD FOR WIFE'S DEATH

Frederick H. Wille Charges that Her Last Illness Was Caused by a Drenching Due to Leaky Roof.

DEMANDS \$10,000 DAMAGES.

Plaintiff Asserts He Is Poor and Cannot Afford to Lose Much Time and Court Puts Case on the "Preferred" Calendar.

Justice Leventritt, of the Supreme Court, was prompt to grant a motion of preference to-day to the case of Frederick H. Wille, who sues his landlord Samuel Engelberg, for \$10,000 damages for the death of his young wife, which he charges resulted from a leaky roof. It will be among the first cases tried after the summer vacation.

Wille charges that on the night of Jan. 7 last, while he and his wife, Alice M. Wille, were asleep in their apartment in Engelberg's house, No. 236 West One Hundred and Thirty-fourth street, rain water came in through the roof of the house and drenched Mrs. Wille and her furniture, running down through the floor of four apartments. Mrs. Wille became ill of typhoid pneumonia, which caused her death.

Mr. Wille says two physicians who attended his wife declare that her illness and death were due to these causes. He has a little boy, Kenneth R. Wille, who is now motherless, and says:

"I am a poor man, a carpenter earning but \$12 a week. I have been forced to great expense for doctors and for funeral expenses, and was obliged to lose much time from my employment, by reason of my wife's sickness and death. Besides, I now have to hire a servant to care for the keeping and instruction of my motherless boy."

For these reasons his attorney, Andrew J. Smith, appealed for a speedy trial in the County Court.

The landlord, assented to the motion, and the case was preferred over all other June causes and will be tried the first week in October.

M'MAHON'S SLAYER LEARNS HIS FATE.

To Be Imprisoned Not Less Than Three Years, Nor More Than Nine Years and Three Months.

Justice Vernon N. Davis, in the Criminal Branch of the Supreme Court, today sentenced Daniel J. Kennedy, who killed James D. McMahon at No. 28 West Fifty-third street on May 1, to an indeterminate sentence in State prison of not less than three years nor more than nine years and three months.

McMahon, who was a brother of Daniel J. McMahon, Tammany Hall district leader, had been on a protracted spree with Kennedy. They quarrelled, and Kennedy killed McMahon in the head, as the result of which McMahon died.

PLAYED HOOKEY; NEARLY DROWNED.

Boy Is Saved Just in the Nick of Time by a Medal Winner.

Joseph Donnay, ten years old, of No. 81 Catharine street, played "hookey" from school to-day and went with other boys to the Market street pier in the East River. "Joe" probably will never play "hookey" again, for to-day's experience nearly cost his life.

The boys were playing on the wharf when Joe fell overboard. Edward Moses, a young man, of No. 423 Water street, who saved two boys from drowning last week and is to receive a medal from the Life-Saving Corps, went into the river after Joe just as he was going down for the last time. It took twenty minutes to bring the boy back to consciousness.

Simpson Crawford Co. Simpson Crawford Co. Simpson Crawford Co.

FRIDAY SALE of MODEL FOODS.

More splendid values from the World's Model Food Store—an exceptional collection for Friday. It is well to bear in mind that everything you get here has been subjected to a severe chemical analysis—they must be pure and wholesome. We take care of the price end, and keep them at the lowest possible notch.

EGGS—Specially fresh, new laid Orange County Eggs, packed in cartons of one doz. each, not over 15 cents a dozen.

COCAKE—Royal Stuart, Ivory or Fairy Oval 5 cakes.

COFFEE—High Grade Mocha and Java, dry roast, lb. 25c.

SARDINES—A. J. Martell, French in pure olive oil, 1/2 tin, 10c.

COFFEE—"Stuart" Blend, 3 lb. \$1.00; 1 lb. 30c.

COCAKE—Royal Stuart, Ivory or Fairy Oval 5 cakes.

TEA—All 100 English Breakfast, Young Hyson, Ceylon and Japan, 3 lb. caddy, \$1.95; 1 lb. 60c.

COCAKE—Royal Stuart, Ivory or Fairy Oval 5 cakes.

TEA—English Breakfast, Ceylon or Ceylon, nutritious and pleasant, 4-lb. package, 25c.; 1-lb. package, 10c.

COCAKE—Royal Stuart, Ivory or Fairy Oval 5 cakes.

PRESERVES—Royal Stuart, whole fruit all kinds, assorted, 1-lb. Phoenix top glass jar, doz., \$3.00; jar, 24c.

COCAKE—Royal Stuart, Ivory or Fairy Oval 5 cakes.

JAM—Royal Stuart, made from selected fruit and granulated sugar, all kinds, stone crock, doz., \$1.50; 1 lb. caddy, 35c.

COCAKE—Royal Stuart, Ivory or Fairy Oval 5 cakes.

OLIVES—Royal Stuart, large selected queens, quarts, 10 oz. bottle, doz., \$2.50; bottle, 25c.

COCAKE—Royal Stuart, Ivory or Fairy Oval 5 cakes.

GRAPES—The dainty jelly dessert, all flavors, package, 10c.

COCAKE—Royal Stuart, Ivory or Fairy Oval 5 cakes.

SALMON—Royal Stuart, Columbia River, 1-lb. tall can, doz., \$2.18; 1 lb. can, 21c.

COCAKE—Royal Stuart, Ivory or Fairy Oval 5 cakes.

GRAPE JUICE—Royal Stuart, unfermented, quart bottle, 45c.; pint bottle, 25c.

COCAKE—Royal Stuart, Ivory or Fairy Oval 5 cakes.